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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

AN ECHO FROM A CAVERN.

So often are annoying Mr. Cleveland because that great man in his profound retirement turns his torpid intellect to the enterprise of realizing on himself. The report is out that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. E. C. Benedict and some other wealthy men have entered upon a scheme to create a fashionable and luxurious winter resort at Princeton. Mr. Cleveland is said to be in on the ground floor, which is no new place for him to be. By accepting opportunities to get in on the ground floor, offered by millionaire friends and admirers, Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo, a poor man, became in time ex-President Cleveland, a very rich man.

That financiers of the astuteness of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Benedict should be willing to invest their money in the speculation mentioned speaks highly for Princeton's natural charms. They, of course, are under no illusions as to Mr. Cleveland's loss of power to boom real estate or draw people to his vicinity. In these respects he is as dead as a burned out lunar crater. But they like the ex-President and are grateful to him, as they ought to be, and they are to be commended rather than condemned for humoring his vanity, which still persuades him that he is a large and fascinating quantity in American life. If it pleases him to think that it is because he lives in Princeton that sharp business men like Mr. Morgan and Mr. Benedict have selected the town as a place for the investment of capital, what harm is done? And if he shall make some money by the favor of his opulent friends, no one should grudge him that solace in an obscurity which popular indifference could not make deeper. It is all he has to live for.

HOW TO SPEND \$500,000.

What is the best manner of expending a large sum of money for the amelioration of the condition of the poor in great cities? The problem has been often debated; never satisfactorily solved. Men have left great fortunes for public purposes only to find their ends defeated by the rapacity of unknown relatives and keen lawyers. Others, taking warning by this almost universal object lesson, have tried to build their monuments of beneficence during their lives—but after their deaths, by one device or another, the intentions of the donors have been defeated. The fashionable hotel which has been made out of the building intended by A. T. Stewart for a working woman's home affords an apt illustration.

This problem is put in a tangible form for the consideration of Journal readers by the following letter, which comes from a gentleman known by this paper to be serious in the motive of his inquiry:

To the Editor of the Journal: Dear Sir—Will some of the readers of your paper please tell me how a large sum of money, say half a million dollars, could be expended so as to be of the greatest benefit to those who live in the unplumbed, ill-ventilated and half-lighted tenements that can be counted by the thousands in this city? This is no idle wish. A committee, of which the writer is a member, is considering this very subject, and as soon as a plan is agreed upon it will be carried out. Is it wise to build a few good houses, using the money as far as it will go? Or is it better to supplement the lack of the houses now existing by erecting a public bath house and laundry, which might serve as a model for others in other parts of the city? Or is there more need for industrial education, or circulating libraries, or evening entertainments? Those who are so unfortunate as to live in the houses which are a disgrace to their builders and to the city rather than to their occupants, ought surely to know what the greatest discomfort of their surroundings is. I ask them to make their views known through the medium of the "People's Paper."

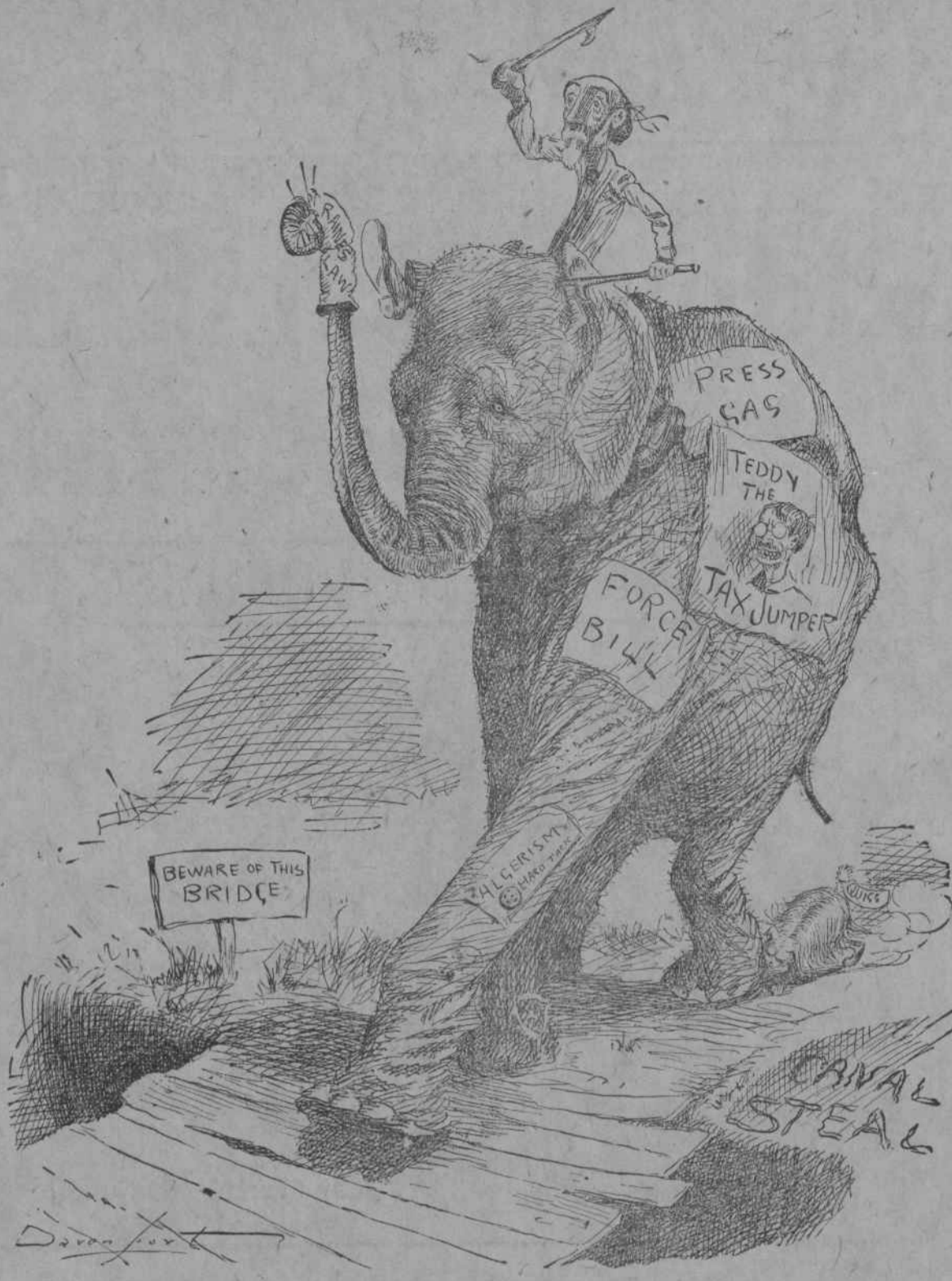
ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

The best that could be done with \$500,000, or for that matter with any sum of money alone, would amount to no more than a very partial and purely temporary alleviation of the discomforts and the evils of extreme poverty. The cure is not a matter of philanthropy, it is of radical legislation. Causes must be removed, not results modified. So true is this that there are those who deprecate all philan-

thropic efforts at alleviation, as tending to obscure the real causes of pauperism, and to blind the people to their inexorable and irresistible working. The Journal does not sympathize with so extreme a school. It holds that the efforts of the charitable are commendable and noble. To direct aright these efforts is a fit task for the thoughtful, a proper duty for the lover of his kind.

What answers have the readers of the Journal to make to its cor-

WILL IT HOLD HIM?



A Reckless Mahout Takes Grave Risks.

GOVERNOR BLACK NO. 2.

Mr. Platt's suspense is at an end. Colonel Roosevelt has decided to accept the Republican nomination, and has formally given this cheering intelligence to the Committee on Notification.

The candidate's address of acceptance makes his position perfectly clear, and leaves the voter who is dissatisfied with Mr. Platt's management of public affairs no shadow of excuse for misunderstanding the situation. Colonel Roosevelt retains no shred of his former independent principles. He makes no reservations whatever, but accepts the Platt regime bodily. "The party's past has been glorious," he says, "and while this would not atone for failure to perform present duty, it does give adequate reason for believing that we shall meet each new duty aright, so that the record of the party in the future may give as great cause for thankfulness and pride as do the achievements of the past."

There is no qualification here. "The party's past has been glorious"—canal steals, Lou Payn, Raines law, Force bill, Algerism and all—and Colonel Roosevelt will be happy if the achievements of the future give as great cause for thankfulness and pride as these noble exploits of the past. That is to say, if we elect the Republican ticket we may expect more canal steals, more Raines persecution, more interference with citizens at the polls, and more of all the other peculiar activities by which Republican government has been distinguished in the past.

Colonel Roosevelt goes out of his way to indorse the Black record of the Republican party in this State. "The record made by the Republican Administration in the State of New York," he says, "is a guarantee that upon all questions affecting property rights and interests, and liberty of all citizens, the Republican party can be safely trusted." There is no suggestion that any of the deeds of the Black Administration need to be investigated, and no hint of any possibility of improvement.

Nobody can complain now that the people are asked to vote in the dark. They have seen what sort of administration the Republican politicians can carry on, and Colonel Roosevelt promises, if elected, to give another exactly like it. Nothing more need be said.

TWO KINDS OF REFORM.

There are reformers and reformers. We had one kind under the Strong administration, and now Mayor Van Wyck is showing us another. He has apparently discovered that the illustrious Collis, the Commissioner of Public Works who kept the atmosphere of Fifth avenue impregnated with a combination of sewer and illuminating gas from the open trenches in the eviscerated roadway for over a year, permitted the city to be swindled on paving contracts to the extent of a million dollars.

Mr. Collis, of course, makes denial, and says that he welcomes an investigation into the affairs of his department. In this he will be amply accommodated, for District-Attorney Gardner has announced his intention of following to the letter the vigorous instructions of Mayor Van Wyck:

"I want you to take this report and I want you to pursue this matter to the end, and I think there is enough evidence there to make some people who now stand high in the community disappear behind the grates of the State Penitentiary. I turn this report into your hands, and also the special reports, and desire you to investigate this matter at once and take such steps in the matter as the evidence which may come to you justifies. I want you to pursue the guilty parties until justice is meted out, and this you must do whether they were a part of the past administration or are of the present administration."

The people will stand by the Mayor and the District-Attorney if they stick to this policy. Let the guilty be exposed and punished whether they call themselves Republicans, Democrats or Mugwumps.

Alger's Ludicrous Delusion.

[New York Times.]

General Shafter must have been just a little delirious when he penned his amazing remarks about "the yellow press" and "outrageous attacks upon me and others of the Administration." Only his fever excuses and makes pathetic instead of ludicrous his delusion that sensational papers alone are finding fault with the preparations for, the conduct of and the return from the Santiago campaign.

The Queen Annoyed.

IRRITATION and annoyance are words which would but faintly describe the sentiments which prevail at the present moment at Balmoral in connection with the publication in Dr. Busch's book of Bismarck of the amazing letters written by the present Kaiser to the great Chancellor prior to his accession to the throne on the subject of Queen Victoria's and Empress Frederick's efforts to bring about the marriage between Princess Victoria of Prussia and the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg.

Of course these letters were never meant for any eyes save those of the late Prince Bismarck, and their publication is as gross a breach of faith as has ever been perpetrated by a biographer.

What is particularly resented about them at Balmoral is the contemptuous tone in which the Battenbergs are mentioned, the use of the word "intrigue" in connection with the action of Queen Victoria and Empress Frederick in the matter and, above all, the cold-blooded proposal made by William to Bismarck to entrust Prince Alexander under signing a document which could afterward be held over his head as a means of terrorism.

Queen Victoria is not of a very forgiving nature, whatever may be the case with her children, and it is doubtful whether she will ever pardon or forget the manner in which both she and her pet scheme are alluded to by her eldest grandson in his letters to the late Prince Bismarck.

Much astonishment is expressed that Emperor William, who just at present is particularly anxious to conciliate Great Britain on political grounds, and who is extremely disconcerted therefore by the publication of his correspondence, should not have caused the arrest of Dr. Busch. His failure to do so is ascribed to the fact that Busch has in his possession still more damaging letters in the Kaiser's handwriting.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

DALY'S "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" REVIEWED BY ALAN DALE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 4.—"Cyrano de Bergerac" has not set this placid city crazy. The cars still tinkle and run, people dine and whistle, and if it were not for the posters outside the Chestnut Street Opera House, I don't believe that Philadelphia would realize the spirit of Rostand in its midst. Saturated with the hugely important and intensely serious opening at New York's Garden Theatre Monday night, I journeyed to this sober city to see another "Cyrano de Bergerac." I have just left it. Now you know I've never been able to justify Augustin Daly for adapting everybody and everybody's play to suit Miss Ada Rehan, and Daly's Theatre. I've always thought it rather merciless and audacious of him. But I was in the minority. Learnedly Shakespearean gentlemen with frowny hair have accepted his adaptations of Shakespeare, and I have always got myself into hot water for my comments upon his irreverence. Therefore, I say if Shakespeare can be chopped up by Mr. Daly to suit Miss Rehan, why not Rostand? Rostand is not Shakespeare, just yet. Not a word am I going to say against the august Augustin for his condensed and altered version of "Cyrano." The unaltered version I saw and did not enjoy. That which I have just left at the Chestnut Street Opera House tonight appealed to me as infinitely more intelligent, decidedly less complex, more easily classified as a simple comedy and more

prone to appeal to the uneducated imaginations of the Toms and the Dicks and the Harrys. Charles Richman, who played Cyrano, is not a great actor. He has never been a star, and the writer of the story is to him a quantity unknown. He played Cyrano as a simple, unaffected knight of romantic comedy; a swain very much in love, extremely dismal at the idea of Christian's preference—just an ordinary, every-day mortal, addicted to deeds of gallantry and thoughts of love. There was none of the embittered cynicism that Mansfield gave us.

There were none of the poses of the beggy man; none of the camembert cheese looks that Mansfield turned sourly upon all. It was simple romance. Mr. Daly apparently knew how far Richman could go and chopped it off at that, and it seems to me that as there is absolutely no English speaking actor who could give us Rostand's Cyrano, if we must have it at all, it is best that it should be adapted to its interpreter's limitations. As regards make-up, Richman was not the frenk that Mansfield made. His nose was perhaps a slight improvement upon John Drew's natural feature, that was all.

Cyrano's verses were cut in some of their most literary portions. The famous nose speech was quartered, the "no-thank-you" utterance was omitted, and there were variations that seemed pardonable. This

was, of course, done for the sake of Miss Rehan and Roxane. What a charming Roxane she was! A times, perhaps, there was an alteration that was scarcely picturesque, but on the whole the picture was that of an arch, coquettish, lovable human creature that dominated the balcony scene and made it delightful. In fact, this entire balcony scene was so refreshing that it rose superior in every instance to that which we saw at the Garden.

Then Mr. Daly uses about one-third of the people employed by Mansfield. The stage is not littered with ugly supers. You don't have to pick out the principals from a patchwork of nobodies. It is all clear, concise and intelligent. The principals, too, are better. Sidney Herbert as De Guiche is admirable; William Owen as Ragueneau is quite as good as Andrews; Mrs. Gilbert is excellent.

All those who are called upon to speak, speak more distinctly and with more refinement than Mr. Mansfield's actors. The Christian in this Philadelphia case is the weak spot. It seems hard to get a man who can love Roxane without being able to tell her so. James Young is not quite as evil or as insincere as Mr. Constancy, but he is bad enough, goodness knows. Scarcely this Philadelphia "Cyrano" does not compare with the New York version, but don't you know that sometimes simplicity has a charm of its own. In New York "Cyrano"

would have been just as intelligible, I mean unintelligible, with few people, less radiant costumes, a smaller amount of pomp. In this Daly production your attention is not distracted from Rostand. To be sure, it is an expurgated Rostand, but what you see you see easily, and you like it. Roxane shines like a star, and it seems to me that a woman whom three cavaliers loved should more assuredly shine. Cyrano himself is a romantic shadow, shorn of his spectacular bravado, more easily acted, but, without a vestige of greatness, more readily understood.

This Quaker City audience on a second night, wildly applauded his monstrosities, which he did not parody a la Mansfield, but altered with dash, vigor and a certain ferocity. I don't want to land Daly at poor Richard's expense, for after all "Cyrano" belongs notably to Richard, but as an unsophisticated theatre-goer addicted to candor, I unhesitatingly assert that I enjoyed myself more to-night than I did last night.

As a matter of fact the only actor who could have given us Cyrano in English has passed away. His name was Alexander Salvini. In this Philadelphia version "Cyrano" is a play for a company rather than for a star. It has more real atmosphere, and that is why I preferred it.

ALAN DALE.

A Catholic's Answer.

Of course I cannot be supposed to speak for any other church in the matter than my own. Whatever may be the real condition of religion outside the Catholic Church I have no special sources of information not open to all. Consequently I do not desire to express any judgment of the accuracy of the statement that Protestantism is losing its hold upon its former adherents in this country.

As to my own church, it is certainly not showing any decline, either in the number of its members or in loyalty on their part to its teachings. We have had, generally speaking, a fair field from the beginning of the Republic's existence, and that is all we ever asked or do ask, and the result is that the state of the Catholic Church in our country is, from almost every point of view, satisfactory.

Moreover, we regard the future without apprehension, for we feel we have every reason to be confident, judging from the present outlook, that our church will keep pace with the growth and development of our country to the same extent that it has in the past. We believe that the dogmatic teaching of the church will always furnish an ultimate resting place for the sincerely religious minded, while its presence and its influence will be a conservative force of which the moral and social world stands in need.

In fact, our faith, which we hold to rest on a divine basis, obliges us to maintain that the truths of Christianity, no matter what vicissitudes they may suffer, must in the end prevail. Therefore there can be no permanent discouragement with us as to the outcome of the circumstances that may now confront us, for we rely on the workings of the Spirit of Truth promised to this church by its divine founder to bring about final success within the domain assigned by Himself.

JOSEPH F. MOONEY, Vicar-General, Diocese of New York.

HERE ARE SOME LATIN PHRASES SUGGESTED FOR TEDDY'S USE.

When Candidate Roosevelt Met Lauterbach at the Republican Club on Monday Night He Exclaimed, "Arcades Ambo!" This Latin Phrase, Which, Literaffu Translated, Means "Arcadians Both," Is Used in the Sense of "Two of a Kind." In Order to Assist Teddy in His Campaign Work Mr. McDougall Herewith Suggests Some Other Latin Phrases More or Less Well Known.



"Two of a Kind."



"Hence These Tears."



"Under This Standard Thou Shalt Conquer."



"A Rage for Writing."



"Always Faithful."



"The Hatred of Theologians."